

## WHEN THE HORSE LAUGHED

True Tale of What Came Near Being a Tragedy on Pennsylvania Street.

Family Mare Was Jealous of the House Dog and When He Came to Grief It Was Her Turn to Smile.

Of course, you don't believe that a horse ever did really laugh, but that's not saying that no one else does. Perhaps you were never where anything happened funny enough to make a horse split its sides with merriment. Howbeit there's a dappled nag up on Pennsylvania way that thoroughly enjoys a joke, and on one occasion showed that it could emit a boisterous guffaw. This horse, Fanny yelp, frequently grazes at inbitt in the back yard where the children are at play. "Old Fan," as the archaic family beast is spoken of, nosed around among the little ones so considerably that it really seems as if she regarded them as her special charges. The baby can pull her tail or run sharp sticks in her nostrils with impunity, and old Fan would be the happiest mare in Christendom, perhaps, were it not for the fact that the children have another playmate in the shape of a Scotch terrier, Trip, to share their affections. This dog is undeniably the ugliest canine that ever gnawed a bone, and Fanny hates him with a murderous heart. She will chase him out of the yard as soon as he shows his nose under the fence, and if he isn't real quick about it she will catch him by the neck and shake him till he yells for his life.

Trip is an unmitigated coward, too, and generally keeps his distance, but he has a big pointer friend, bravely called Blucher, residing across the street, that backs him up whenever he gets in a tight place. This fact has served him to take out his spite on every dog that chances to pass the house. The size of the enemy makes no difference to Trip. He will lay in the shade of the house until he sees a strange yelp trotting half asleep behind a wagon, when with a few stealthy bounds and a final bark for the purpose of notifying Blucher, he fastens his teeth in the hind quarters of the unsuspecting stranger. The surprised victim turns to make a lunge, and Trip, a little half-sized piece of presumption, but about that time Trip's big pointer friend bears down on the enemy and sends him rolling in the gutter with a howl of baffled rage. Before he can get up and away Trip has torn another section from his ribs. The whipped unknown goes down the street on the gallop with his head between his legs. Trip, with all the bravado of a West Washington street bruiser, runs his nose up in Blucher's face and fairly chuckles over the way he has done for him. Old Fan, tied to the hitching post, has observed this little game of Trip until she understands it thoroughly, and her face is the picture of disgust at each repetition of the trick. Her sympathies are plainly with the under dog.

One day Blucher failed to catch his one for some reason and didn't appear until an unfeeling colic had given Trip a couple of hearty shakes, loosened his right ear and was proceeding to peel the hide from his tender back when Blucher dashed on the scene like a shot from a gun, and nearly mangled the shepherd before he could break away. But this didn't keep Trip back nor saw up the rent in his ear, and his growl and look of reproach cast at his friend Blucher was comical in the extreme. As it happened, old Fan had taken, in the meantime, and she pawed the asphalt in very delight, the long rib of her black eyes fairly glowing with pleasure. As Trip slunk past she lowered her head and snuffed at him, as if she would like to finish the job. For several days thereafter Blucher was prompt as a footblack at the wail's mission Sunday school before Christmas when Trip tackled a victim, and the two conspirators would feed on not many less than a dozen dogs before they were interrupted by an attack of that insidious malady termed swell head, so that he became very cross and bossed the children around when they got familiar. There is no telling where it might have ended but for an unlooked-for accident to Blucher, last week. Blucher ran a silver in his foot, and went around on three legs. This fact was easily overlooked by Trip, who tackled the first brute that came along.

Alas, poor Trip! It was a gardener's half-breed, luddite, and he seemed to be a good hold, but met the terrier half way and buried his fangs in the paupered bone dog's shoulder. Trip must have felt that he had fallen into a trap. He let forth a series of heartrending yelps that brought all the neighborhood to the front doors. Poor Blucher jumped around the house, and there he stood, one foot hanging helpless and an "I'm-sorry-but-you'll-have-to-get-along-without-me-to-day-old-fellow" expression on his features. He growled feebly, but never offered to plunge into the fray.

Meanwhile the owner's dog was mopping up the pavement with Trip. The very first shake sent the terrier about ten feet in the gutter. The bull was on him in a twinkling with another hold at the base of the ear. With one rip the old wren made by the collar was torn open, and that member was hanging by a few hairs only and streaming with blood. He then took a fresh grip on Trip's jugular and began to shake him as he would an eight-ounce rat. A patch of the white asphalt, the color of his ears, the redness smeared with blood. It was Trip's blood. Froth, mingled with a bright vermilion, was dripping from the bull's jaws. Trip's howls soon decreased to the wailing cry of the powerful jaws of his adversary sunk in his throat. All unconcerned the gardener with his bag of cabbage and lettuce drove on in the broiling sun. Blucher fairly shook with rage and hobbled down to the curb, whining most sympathetically. It was plain he considered the unequal combat little short of cold-blooded murder. The people watching the fight were coming to the same opinion, and began offering suggestions that the dogs be parted. Suddenly Trip ceased his howls, and his little body collapsed in a pool of blood. The vacant air was tinged with a cross-trait form with a death-rattle on his throat. Trip's time in this world was getting shorter every tick of the watch. Old Blucher realized that if he were to wait to see his little companion alive again in this world something must be done. He backed pitheously, unable to do those watching the scene. There was no mistaking that entreaty. A boy had already turned the horse on the two dogs, but the bull held fast. Then a man ran up and began to kick him in the head. The bull growled fiercely and let go to take a fresh bite. Trip was yanked away, gasping for air, just in time. Then a man ran up and began to carry him to the house, while the gardener's dog made tracks after his master's falling wagon.

Perhaps the most interested spectator to this tragic episode was old Fan, standing at the curb. She had realized the situation with all its terrors. Her ears had been observed by several as something strangely queer. When the building began to shake Trip, Fan fairly danced. She swung her head and glared at the little beast's discomfort. The louder he howled the more she enjoyed it. Finally, when it appeared that Blucher was not coming to the rescue, and Trip's cries increased to a howl, old Fan threw her head high in the air and let out as big a laugh and as weirdly humorous as Bill Jones ever gave to one of the stories told by the man with the ginger beard. This is mentioned merely to show that a horse can laugh when it wants to.

## FANNY'S FIRST FIGHT.

He Was But Thirteen When He Took Part in a Desperate Battle.

Ex-Governor Rice's Orator.

Farragut obtained a midshipman's commission before he was nine years old, which case probably has no parallel in the history of the American navy. He was ten years and one month old only when he joined the Essex, a brave, self-reliant, adventurous, but dutiful boy, afterward eminently fit to command, because early accustomed to duty.

The Essex was built at Salem, and paid for by the patriotic contributions of the citizens of that place. Captain Porter took command of her in August, 1812, young Farragut being with him, and the frigate was then lying at Norfolk, Va.

On the 31st of June, 1812, only about eleven months afterward, the Congress of the United States declared war against Great Britain, and this declaration was

read to the crew of the Essex on three successive days, so that no British subject on board, if there chanced to be one, should be required to serve against his flag.

There were none who were not liable to duty, and the Essex sailed for her memorable cruise in the Pacific ocean. She was the first American man-of-war to pass around Cape Horn, as she had been the first to double the Cape of Good Hope, and her experience was a rough one; but it was followed by a series of almost uninterrupted success and victory. Her first enemy encountered the British frigate Phoebe, and the British sloop of war Cherub early in February, 1814, off Valparaiso, Chile.

A combined attack was made upon her by these two vessels while half the men belonging to the Essex were on shore (but upon a signal being given, thirty men all aboard the Essex in fifteen minutes, and all but one prepared for duty).

After one of the most desperate battles ever fought upon the ocean under adverse conditions of contending with two vessels of the enemy of greatly superior force, herself disabled by a furious storm, all her officers but one killed, and the Essex on fire, she surrendered in a defeat, like that on land at Bunker Hill, which was more glorious than the victory.

The commander of the British forces, Captain Hiliyar, was wounded and died before the engagement ended.

In his note books young Farragut says: "During the action I performed the duty of captain's aid, quarter gunner, powder boy, and, in fact, did everything that was required of me. I shall never forget the horrid impression made upon me at the sight of the first man I had ever seen killed. He was a boatswain's mate and was fearfully mutilated. It staggered and sickened me at first, but they soon began to fall around me so fast that it appeared like a dream and produced no effect upon my nerves."

"I can remember well," he continues, "while I was standing near the captain, just about the mainmast, a shot came through the water ways and glanced upward, killing four men who were standing beside the gun, taking the last one in the head and scattering his brains over both of us. But the awful sight did not effect me half as much as the death of the first poor fellow. I neither thought of nor noticed anything but the working of the guns."

Such was the literal baptism of fire and blood of the young midshipman and future admiral, as if fate or that divine Providence which he always reverently recognized, intended thus signally to forecast his illustrious destiny.

Later on in his journal young Farragut wrote: "After the battle had ceased, when on going below I saw the mangled bodies of my shipmates, dead and dying, groaning and expiring with the most pathetic sentiments on their lips, I became faint and sick; my sympathies were all aroused; among the badly wounded was one of my best friends, Lieut. Sewell. When I spoke to him he said, 'O, Davy, I fear it is all up with me; but when it was proposed to drop another patient and attend to him, he replied, 'No, doctor, none of that for me; I am a Jew. One man's life is as good as another's; I would not cheat any poor fellow out of his turn.' This died," continues the journal, "one of the best and bravest men among us."

## OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

The Legend of Evil.

This is the sorrowful story  
Told when the twilight falls,  
And the monks' voices walk together  
Holding each other's tails:

"Our fathers lived in the forest,  
Foolish people were they,  
They went down to the cornland  
To teach the farmers to pray."

"Our fathers frisked in the miller,  
Our fathers skipped in the wind,  
Our fathers hung in the branches,  
Our fathers danced in the street."

"Then came the terrible farmers,  
Nothing of play they knew,  
And they caught our fathers,  
And set them to labor, too."

"Set them to work in the cornland  
With plows, and sickles, and daisies—  
Put them in head-walled prisons  
And cut off their beautiful tails!"

"Now we can watch our fathers,  
Sullen, and bowed, and old,  
Stooping over the millet,  
Sharing the silly mold."

"Driving a foolish furrow,  
Mending a muddy yoke,  
Sleeping in mud-walled prisons  
Steeping their food in smoke."

"We may not speak to our fathers,  
For if the farmers knew  
They would come up to the forest  
And set us to labor, too."

This is the horrible story  
Told as the twilight falls,  
And the monks' voices walk together  
Holding each other's tails.

—Rudyard Kipling.

The Old Love Song.

Play it slowly, sing it lowly,  
Old familiar tune!  
Once it ran in dance and dimple,  
Like a brook in June;

Now it eels along the measure  
With a sound of tears:  
Dear old voices echo through it,  
Faded with the years.

Ripple, ripple goes the love song  
Still, in slowing time,  
Early sweetness grows completeness,  
Floods to every rhyme.

Who together learn the music,  
Stealing through the bars;  
Thoughts within its quiet spaces  
Rise and set like stars.

—The Campus.

A Garden of the Past.

I am the night-moth Memory;  
I sleep all through the day;  
At evening, to the garden  
I make my murmuring way.

Of old, above the garden  
Hunt Ariadne's Crown;  
At twilight, by the starlight,  
The gradual dew came down.

The white flowers, in the darkness,  
With pale star-luster shone;  
The dark flowers by the fragrance  
And soft flower touch were known.

There no new flower shall open,  
No blossoming flower decline,  
I am the night-moth Memory;  
The garden, it is mine!

But art thou in the garden?  
A spirit lies the place;  
He mute voice—let it fly voice!  
Its veiled face, thy face!

—Edith M. Thomas.

Travelers.

We shall lodge at the Sign of the Grave, you say?  
Yet the road is a long one we travel, my friend,  
So why should we grieve at the break of the day?  
For the road is a long one we travel, my friend,  
We can keep our sighs for the journey's end.

We shall lodge at the Sign of the Grave, you say?  
Well, since we are nearing the journey's end,  
Let us drink, let us love, let us sing, let us play.  
For perchance it's a comfortable inn, my friend.

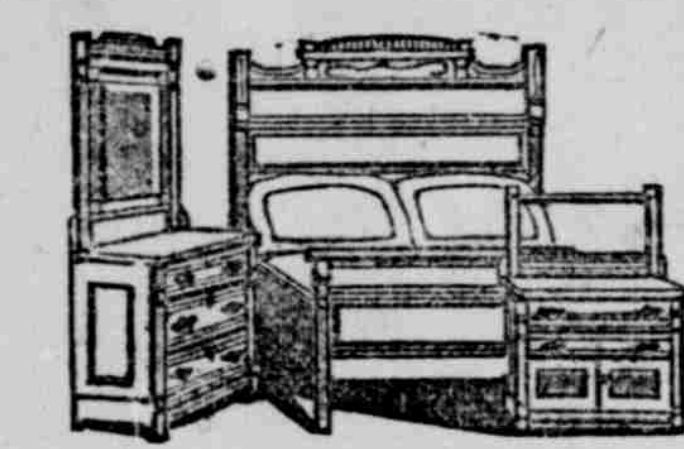
—Perry Addison in the Academy.

Beauty of Sin.

They told me the story, over and over,  
That sin was hateful to mortal eyes,  
That for sinners, howe'er low, howe'er vile,  
When the cause was beautiful, radiant guise,  
My strength of purpose to overthrow.

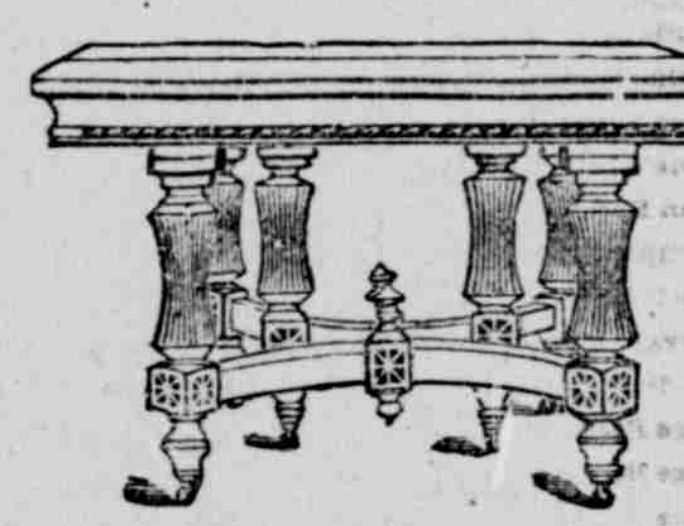
MIDSUMMER SALE  
WORLD'S FAIR

Everything must be closed out at some price, as we do not handle the same goods two seasons. We will have a full line of the very latest Fall Styles by August and must make room for them. We do just as we advertise. Just ask your neighbor, as there is scarcely a house in the city that we have not furnished with some new goods. Everything will be sold at 40 to 50 per cent. off. Call and see for yourself. If salesmen should be found unacquainted with advertised articles, our customers will please call for the manager.

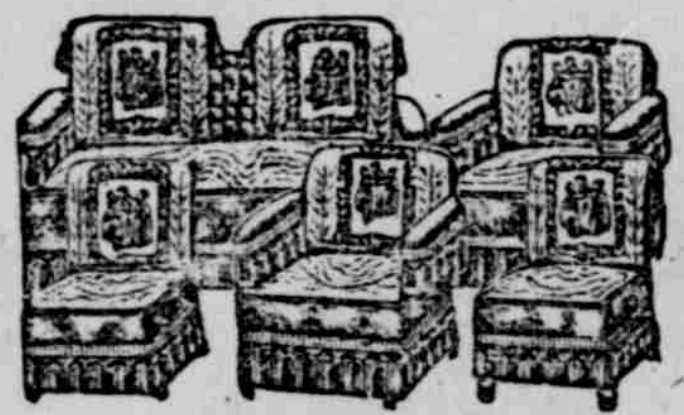


\$25.00 Bedroom Suits, worth \$35.00  
\$35.00 " " " 50.00  
\$50.00 " " " 75.00  
\$75.00 " " " 100.00

This cut looks out of reason, nevertheless it's a fact. Call and see for yourself and we will leave it to you whether it is true or not. It does not pay to humbug the people. We have no competition in the city when it comes to the prices. We control the leading and best articles in our line.



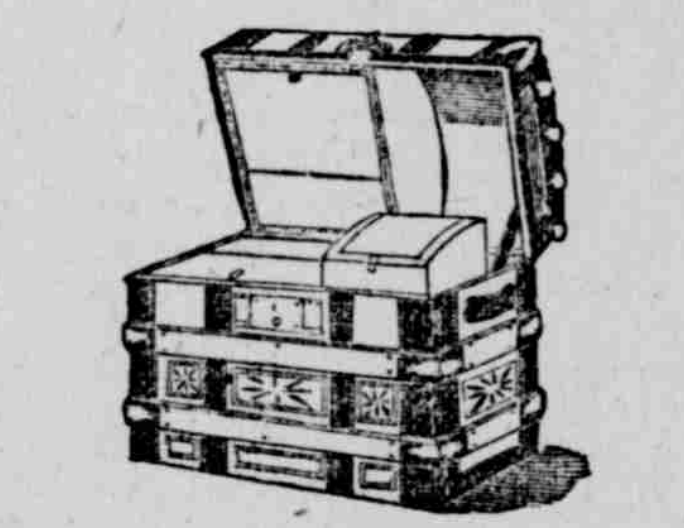
\$2.50 for a 6-ft. Extension Table.  
Just received a carload, and the same table will cost you \$4 elsewhere.  
Woven-wire Springs for \$1.00



Can you buy a 6-piece Parlor Suit for \$15 anywhere else than at the World's Fair? We have them for \$18, \$25, \$35, \$50 and \$75. All cut 50 per cent. during Summer Sale.



100 samples on the floor, in all styles and every shade of upholstery; also, black. We have the very Carriage that will suit you.



See our \$5 Trunk, equal to any \$8 Trunk. See our \$10, \$15, \$20 and \$25 Trunks. 300 samples on the floor to select from. Just received a carload and can save you 40 per cent. on a Trunk.



Read these prices on Carpets that we make for this sale:

2 pieces all-Wool.....45c  
5 pieces Best all-Wool.....50c  
Choice of any all-Wool pattern in the house, over 100 pieces to select from, at.....60c  
3 pieces Cotton Ingrain.....18c  
5 pieces Cotton Ingrain.....25c  
10 pieces extra heavy Unions.....29c  
Good Tapestry Brussels.....50c  
Best Tapestry Brussels.....53c

## MATTINGS.

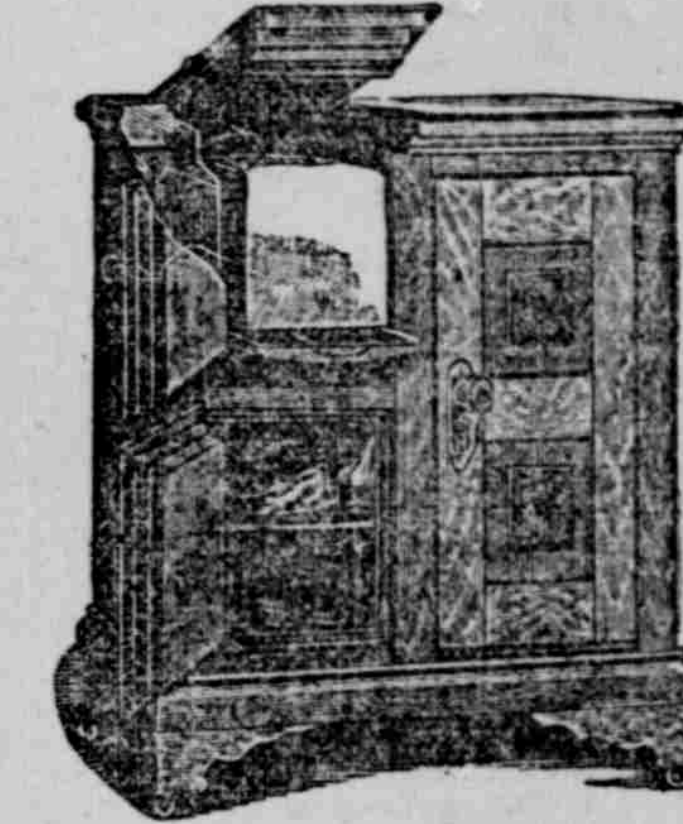
100 rolls Fancy Plaid Mattings, worth 15c at.....7c  
A good Jointless Matting.....15c  
A Cotton Warp Matting.....30c

## LACE CURTAINS.

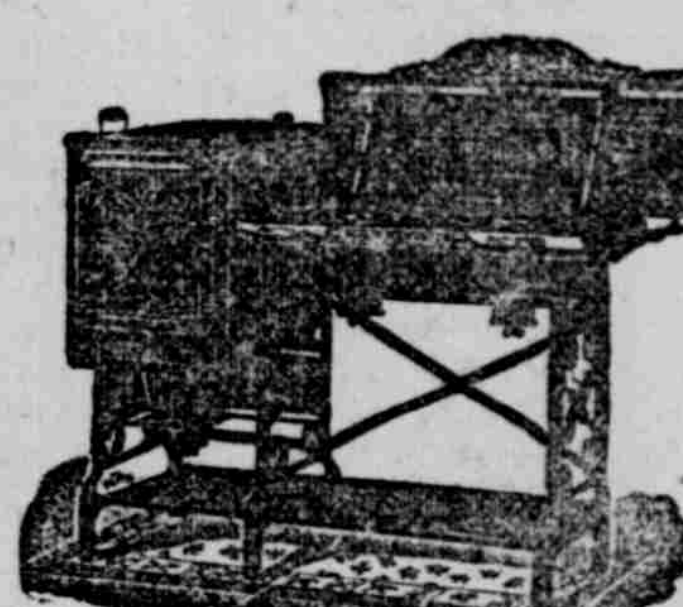
500 pairs, worth \$2.50, for...\$1.00  
300 pairs, worth 3.50, for...\$1.50  
300 pairs, worth 4.50, for...\$2.00

## ODD LOTS PORTIERES.

50 pairs Portieres, worth \$6.00, for.....\$2.50  
35 pairs Portieres, worth \$7.50, for.....\$3.50  
50 pairs Portieres, worth \$10, for.....\$5.00



Largest and finest assortment in the State to select from.



Two-Burner Gasoline Stove at \$3.50. We carry every style and size made and can save you 25 per cent. on a Gasoline Stove.

## DINNER SETS.

See our \$5 Dinner Set; also, our \$8, \$10, \$15 and \$25 Sets. 100 samples to select from.

## TOILET SETS.

See our Toilet Sets for \$5, \$8, \$10 and \$15 a Set. 200 samples to select from.

## STRANGE STORY OF A GHOST

Telegraph Operator's Weird Experience in the Wilds of Southern Indiana.

Spectral Guide that Led Him Into a Gruesome Tunnel Beneath an Old Cabin Long Deserted.

"I had been at a place down in southern Indiana when was called 'G. N.' after the telegraph call, about six months," said an old operator as he munched his 2 A. M. lunch at a "Levee" restaurant the other morning "when a friend of mine from an old civilization passed over the road and, learning that I was at 'G. N.' stopped with me for a few days. The only way to entertain him was to go on a hunting trip, and there was plenty of game close by to make such a trip enjoyable. Neither of us were noted for marksmanship, but that made no difference. I got a couple of horses, and the next day after my friends arrived we started out, leaving the office in charge of a 'sub'."

"We stayed out two days and were returning to the station late in the afternoon of the second day. As the night came on we saw we could not reach it, and began looking about for a suitable place to camp. We found a small clump of trees and stream, and started for it. When we arrived we found a place that was a perfect structure shanty, about fifteen feet square, which had evidently been abandoned for months. We concluded it had been built by trappers the winter before, and hobbling our horse, went inside, prepared to put up for the night. We found inside a bench extending across one side of the room, from wall to wall. As a precaution against the invasion of wild animals we placed this against the door, so that the other end was against the wall opposite. This making it impossible to open the door from the outside as long as the bench was in position. After this we lay down on the floor, and went to sleep. I don't know how long I had slept when I was awakened by a terrific thunderstorm. I arose and saw the bench, which had been placed against the wall, standing crosswise in the room from corner to corner. I was confident I had heard thunder but when I went to the door I found the sky perfectly clear and the moon shining almost as strong as the sun. I thought I had been dreaming and started to the door, but when I reached it I found the bench came out of place, but concluded that my friend had awakened and finding the room a little close had moved it and opened the door for ventilation. It was a little cool, so I put the bench in place and laid down again. I had been asleep but a short time when I was again awakened by a terrific clap of thunder, and as I sprang to my feet I noticed the bench had been moved again and the door was wide open. The night was still clear and not a sign of a cloud. I walked out of the shanty and around it, not knowing what to make of the strange occurrences. I didn't like to admit that I was scared or I would have awakened my friend, but I was nervous. I sat down on the grass outside the shanty, and sat there half an hour and heard or saw nothing strange. I kept pondering over what had happened till I concluded that I had not been awakened before, when I thought I had solved the mystery. I placed the bench against the door and laid down to finish my sleep."

"It was some time before I got to sleep and then only to be again awakened by the sound of thunder and see the bench out of position and door open. I was pretty badly scared now and started to awaken my partner. As I did so I saw a man standing in an open doorway on the other side of the room. The strange man was tall and thin, with a most startling and ghastly countenance. He was dressed in a suit of black, and as soon as he saw me look he beckoned to me with his forefinger

to come to him. I was too scared to move for a while, but the strange man kept beckoning to me to come. I grabbed my friend's arm and woke him. He was just as badly scared as I was, and we hesitated a long time before we finally concluded to obey the silent command of the strange man. We started towards him, each of us drawing our revolver from its belt and leveling them at his head as we did so. He displayed no sign of fear, but backed slowly away from us, still beckoning for us to follow. For the first time we discovered that there was another apartment in the shanty fully as large as the one we had laid down in. As the entrance to this room was a trap door. The strange man stooped and raised this and we saw steps leading down into what appeared to be a cellar. It was perfectly light below and the light was apparently not artificial. The strange man descended the steps backwards, never removing his eyes from us all the while, beckoning with his forefinger.

"We seemed bound by a spell, and while I fully expected to be murdered as soon as I reached the foot of the steps, I followed myself drawn by some unseen force which I could not resist, and we went down after the strange man. At the bottom of the steps I felt a cold draft of air, and I saw then that we were in a sort of a tunnel, but could not see where the light which illuminated the place came from. We walked about fifty feet up this tunnel, when the strange man stopped and pointed to the ground with his finger. I noticed that he stopped beside a mound of dirt, and it was this that he was pointing to. He made several motions with his hand, and then pointed at me. I did not understand what he meant, but my friend noticed that he was pointing at my knife, which was plainly visible in my belt.

"Perhaps he wants you to dig in the mound," my friend suggested.

"I understood then what he wanted, but hesitated about approaching any nearer than I was to him. He evidently understood what I meant, for he turned and walked further back in the tunnel, and stood there with his arms folded. That was the first time he had taken his eyes off us since we first saw him, and when he first turned his back upon us I felt an impulse to run, but before I could do so he turned his steady gaze upon us and I gave up my idea of flight. I walked to the little mound of earth, and stooping down, thrust my knife into the dirt, and it was this that he was pointing to. He made several motions with his hand, and then pointed at me. I did not understand what he meant, but my friend noticed that he was pointing at my knife, which was plainly visible in my belt.

Her Preference.

She was a young lady of Cambridge, and he was Professor Othaus, the well-known animal painter. When they were introduced she exclaimed:

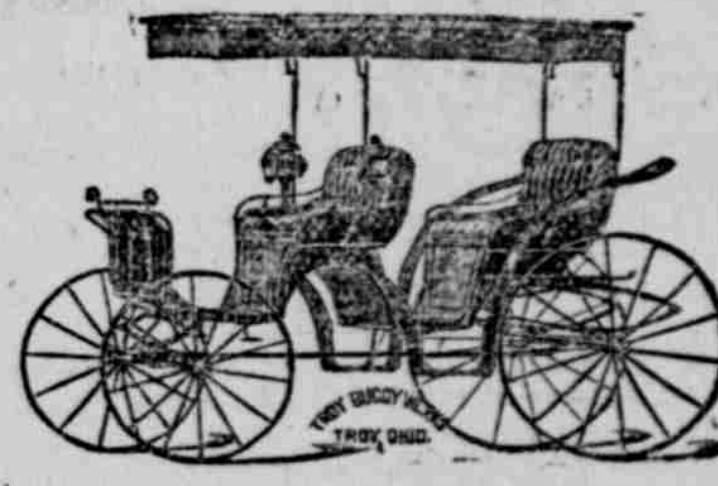
"Professor Othaus, I am delighted to meet you. I have always had the greatest fondness for animals."

Harvard Advocate.

She has proven an infallible specific for all dangerous animals peculiar to the females, such as chronic wounds and ovarian diseases. If taken in time it regulates and promotes healthy action of all functions of the generative organs. Young ladies at the age of puberty, and older ones at the menopause, will find it a healing, soothing tonic. The highest recommendations from prominent physicians and those who have tried it. Write for book—'My Women' mailed free. Sold by all druggists. RADFIELD'S REGULATOR CO., proprietors, Atlanta, Ga.

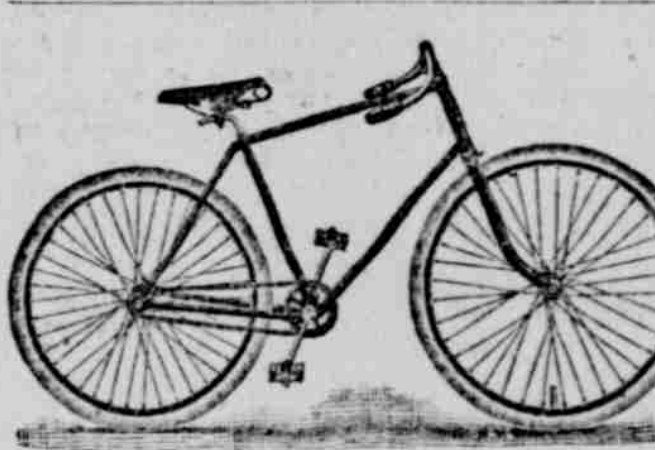
## Carriages, Surreys, Traps and Buggies.

Just received, the most elegant and fashionable styles of TRAPS and Carriage Novelties ever shown in the West. Popular prices to all. A trip through our great Repository will pay you. Come and see.



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Handles in a natural position overcomes strained body and arms.

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